

Run To Her

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Category: Halo
Genre: Hurt-Comfort
Language: English
Characters: C. Silva, T. Lasky
Status: Completed
Published: 2012-11-07 08:58:47
Updated: 2012-11-07 08:58:47
Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:33:31
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,244
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: (Spoilers for Halo: Forward Unto Dawn) Lasky's thoughts during the scene where he distracts the Hunter.

Run To Her

He ran...

He ran with his friends...

The few that still lived...

The few that were still alive after the devastation this hellish night had wrought...

But for him, the one that mattered the most...

Was not running next to him...

And he felt so numb to it all...

Lasky ran with all his speed, putting all he had into keeping up with the super-solider and his surviving squad mates. There were only three of them left, with one strange being that called himself "Master Chief". The night had been a non-stop adrenaline rush, the action and fight for survival against this new foe being unending. But now they were almost completely helpless, for none of the group still had any efficient ammunition, except for a hand grenade and some stun rounds. And Lasky seriously doubted that the creature firing it's powerful energy weapon would be stopped by a few stun rounds.

The Chief led them on a a dead sprint, yet Lasky felt no exertion. Strange, they had been running at this pace for at least a while, and now he should be feeling the effect of his efforts. And yet he didn't. He did not feel out of breathe at all. He did not feel the

cold night air around him. He did not feel the heat of the creature's blasts as they hit close to where they were. In fact he felt..._nothing_. Nothing at all.

He had gone completely numb. Not just to the air and the events around him, but numb from within. His heart seemed to have been almost obliterated. He no longer felt the fear that had been gripping him all the night. And in the back of his mind, he knew exactly why.

She was gone. His best friend. No, not just that. The one he _loved...was gone.

Chyler. The girl who had stood by him when he was feeling like the weight of the world was on his shoulders. The one who still believed in him. The one who pretty much carried him through his time at the academy...was gone. Dead. Killed by one of those creatures. And now he was alone.

Maybe not _really_ alone. He still had Sully was still with him. He had always been a good friend to him, one of the few he had in his own squad. He was still running with them, wounded in the leg, but made able to move with the bio-foam the Master Chief has applied to his wound. If only he had given it to Chyler...if only she had called for it before he was out...if only...

An explosive shot hit near them, forcing him to duck his head as he ran through the grit kicked up by the blast. The Master Chief veered them to the right, and to the edge of a steep hill. Looking back, Lasky saw the creature approaching, and jumped, hitting the ground with a thud.

"There!" the chief said, pointing them to a large rock, and they ran over, ducking to take cover.

"Kelly, need more time," the Chief said into a communicator that was apparently built into his helmet. "Cannot make it to the Rendezvous."

The cadets where trying to catch their breathe, knowing the creature was only moments away, and that they would have to run for their lives. Except Lasky, who seemed to almost be in a whole different world.

"You'll have to hold the Pelican. I _won't_ leave them."

Lasky heard the Chief's words, yet felt no comfort. He was beyond comforting right now. And then he realized something. He was still holding her dog tags.

He looked at them, her last gift to him. Her identification tags. Her _name_ had been the last thing she gave him, before leaving him in this now living nightmare. And her name was now ringing through his mind even now.

It's okay Tom...

"I'll engage. Get to the Pelican as fast as you can."

The Chief was going to try and fight that thing with no weapon.

Except for the hand grenade, which probably would not do all that much good against what was coming at them.

Lasky stared at the dog tags in his hand. The only thing he had left of the woman he loved. And if that creature was not stopped, then none of them would be getting to safety. Silva had died, left them. But his other friends...and their new found one as well...

He glanced up and saw the glow of the creature in the distance, and then looked at the dog tags once more, seeing Chyler's face as he the idea placed itself into his brain...

She would tell him not to do it. That he would be crazy to do what he was now thinking of doing. The Master Chief would never be able to overcome that creature with the little armament he had left. Not unless he had a distraction...

I'm sorry...

So am I Chyler, he thought. So am I...

"Sir!"

He looked up and faced the Chief face-to-visor. His eyes determined, far more than they ever had been. He knew what he needed to do. What he needed to do to save his remaining squad mates.

"I'll be the decoy."

The Chief looked at him without a word. Lasky couldn't see his face underneath that visor. He had no idea about what would be on it, understanding or disapproval.

"Lasky, no!"

April had objected. She apparently still had reason with her. But Lasky was beyond reason. He was beyond anything except the moment. He had to get his friends out of here. He had to save who was left.

Because she would have wanted them to be saved. To be alright. The question that he would be included in that as well did not register with him however. He had already made his decision.

"You sweep in from behind," he told the Chief.

"Cadet.." the Chief replied. Lasky did not know if that was confirmation of understanding or an attempt to order him to stay. But Lasky refused to consider any objection. This was the call he had chose to make.

He looked down at Chyler's tags one last time, before tucking them into his armor. He took a deep breathe, steeling himself. What he was about to do may very well cost him his life.

But after losing her, was that such a bad thing?

"Lasky, no!" April said again. But there was no stopping now...

"AXIOS!"

His academy's battle cry may very well be the last thing he ever said, and somehow, it felt appropriate. He had always been shunned by the other cadets. He had always seemed to be the one that held him back. And thus, many felt he was unworthy. But now he would show them. He would show their spirits that he was indeed, axios. He was worthy, and would demonstrate it with this last ounce of power he had left.

His feet pounded the ground as he ran with a speed he never thought he had. On the ridge where they had jumped, the creature in all it's imposing sight stood, and it's growl indicated that it had clearly seen and was locking on as he ran.

Her face..._

It was not the woods he saw in front of him as he made his suicidal run. It was not the stars, or the ground. It was her face, her smile...her eyes. Her laugh rang in his ears as he ran forward, seeking only to have the creature target him and have his back to the Chief, where he guessed the grenade's efficiency would be much greater, possibly, at worst, stunning the creature, and giving them time to escape.

Was he making this suicidal run purely out of the need to save his friends, or was he running in the hope that when the creature fires to kill him, he would be rejoined with her once more on the other side? Maybe it was both, more or less.

He heard a strange sound, but kept running, and then then he felt a large explosion, his ears rang, and he felt himself thrown down, the air blown from his lungs. He landed roughly. And his vision was temporarily blinded by the dirt and smoke...

The creature had been close, but not a direct hit. Lasky was not sure if that was entirely a good thing...

He coughed and managed to shakily stand up, turning to see the creature smash back the Chief.

Oh shit..._

That had been a mighty blow. Lasky had no idea how strong that armor was, but he knew one thing. That the creature immediately began to pivot once more toward him, and therefore, he did the only thing he could do. He ran as fast as he could once more.

I'm sorry... _

He heard her voice in his head again. And actually found himself somewhat hoping for a direct hit this time. Lasky felt a tear beginning to form in his eyes as he ran, hoping to get the creature away from his squad mates. If the Chief could not take the creature down, then he would have no other option but to hope it followed him and bought time for April and Sully to get to the extraction from this hell.

And yet again, he saw her face in his eyes. He ran looking into her own eyes. He was not running away from the creature. He was running

to her. He was running back to her. To try and find his way to her from the other side after this creature gave him the death blast.

And he heard it fire, but felt no fear. The world around him exploded in a cloud of green light and smoke, and he felt himself catapulted. And then, mercifully, he knew no more...

Chyler stood before him, about foot away from him. The environment around them was light, pure light. She was completely uninjured, dressed in the more casual squadron shirt and pants they had been in before putting their armor on.

_ Lasky stared at into her eyes, and she nodded her head slightly. He felt a tear slip out, and gave a sharp breathe, a gasp, the sound one makes when they are trying their best not to cry. Chyler smiled, and slowly placed rasied her hand, brushing it against his cheek. He instinctively leaned into it, closing his eyes. _

_ "Tom..."_

_ She said his name..._

_ "Tom, listen to me. Whatever happens, you have to fight. Fight with everything you have. Because you are a soldier. And you have just proved that."_

_ Lasky opened his eyes, looking into hers, and did not stop the tear from falling, for he could not seem to control his limbs. Chyler gave him a smaller smile, but her eyes told him everything he needed to know._

_ She leaned forward and kissed his cheek._

_ "I love you Tom. Remember that always..."_

_ And then, slowly, the vision, this dream seemed to begin to fade. And yet, Lasky knew no anxiety..._

_ "I'll be watching..."_

"Lasky!"

His name was being called by different voices now. He knew those voices. His squad mates. His team. He slowly opened his eyes. And felt himself cough some dirt out of his gave a hoot of joy and helped him to his feet. April slapped him on the back, both saying hiw lucky he was and how ballsy what he just did had been.

Lasky heard them, but did not respond other than a nod. He was more concerned with what he had just experienced after he blacked out. Was that just the result of bing knocked out for a time, or did Chyler really just appear to him?

Lasky began to run with his teammates, Chief leading the way again. As he ran, he realized it. That was far too clear to be the result of being slammed down and knocked out. Chyler had indeed visited him in his moment of unconsciousness. And she had told him to fight.

As they rode out on the Pelican, Chief, sitting in front of him

reached out, holding something in his hand. Lasky took it.

Her dogtags...and what looked like a piece of metal...

Lasky looked at her dog tags, tears threatening to emerge once more, but he fought them back with now renewed strength. He would carry out her wish. He would fight. He would fight until humanity was finally free of this menace. He would fight...because he was now a soldier, always.

"Well done soldier."

Well, I hope you enjoyed it. This is my first fic in quite some time. However, after viewing Halo: Forward Unto Dawn, and seeing the epicness of the scene where Lasky runs out to distract the Hunter, I just had to write something about it, because with that soundtrack going, it was a very powerful scene. It really seemed to me as though he may have had a sort of death wish, right after his love interest had died. Hence the thoughts about her as he was running. And I added the part where she briefly comes to him while unconscious on my own. I hope that was not too cliché.

Take Care,

RWBryan.

End
file.